in pain, and would wish to be in a different position. Can we suppose that such universal wishes and expectations would be excited without a deep reason ? Do not the universality and the fundamental depth of the desires seern to indicate that they may be gratified ?

(4.) Let it be frankly admitted that there is progress in the world. There is progress in agriculture; there is progress in all the arts; there is progress in all the sciences; the earth is every succeeding year made to yield a greater quantity of produce, and man's dominion over nature is rapidly increasing. The fruit of the discoveries of one age contains the germ of the discoveries of the generation that follows; and the new plant springs up alongside of the old one, to scatter seed like its progenitor all around. No valuable invention of human genius is ever lost, and most of them, become the means of multiplying themselves by a greater than compound interest, and thus render each succeeding generation richer than the one which went before. The wealth of all preceding generations is thus to be poured into the lap of the generations that are to live in the latter days of our world's history.

How sad to think, that amidst all these improvements in the arts and secular knowledge, there should be no corresponding improvement in the *morale* of the human character I A thousand means have been tried, and the tendency of many of them has been excellent; yet human nature has continued as vain, as proud, and selfish, as much given to lust and passion as it ever was. When some one was enlarging to Coleridge on the tendency of some scheme which was expected to regenerate the world, the poet flung up into the air the down of a thistle which grew by the roadside, and went on to say, " The tendency of that thistle is towards China; but I know, with assured certainty, that it will never get there—nay, it is more than probable,

that after sundry eddyings, and gyrations up and down, and backwards and forwards, it will be found somewhere near the place in which it grew/' Such has ever been the issue of those boasted scheme* of human wisdom which have professed to change the heart of man. Human nature is in this respect like the salt sea; the sun is daily evaporating its waters, but does not drink up one particle of that saline ingredient; if men will drink of its bitter waters, they sicken, and madden, and die; all the rivers that run